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Wilson, says Ida M. Tarbell, has improved the world.

Ever notice how it liven's the town up to have the children going to school?

This world will never be entirely safe and sane until women have too much sense to paint their faces.

The South today is the most American part of the Union. It's for the old flag with or without an appropriation.

The Georgia democratic convention disobeyed Tom Watson's orders and endorsed the administration of Woodrow Wilson.

The Tampa Times issued a great "made in Tampa" edition Monday. It was a fine paper and a splendid testimonial to the growth and enterprise of the gulf city.

If that hole on Tusculum street alongside the primary school goes down much deeper, it will extend to China, and that will help the school children out in their geography studies.

There are quite a many California peaches on the market now. They look good outside but they are tough and insipid inside. We suppose they have to be tough to make the 3000-mile trip.

When we see all the millinery shops there are in town, and what lalla-pearly-loosa goods they are displaying, we are sorry for the poor fellows who are going to have to dig down deep after the coin for hats and ribbons and bibbons.

Says Life: "The republicans (old style) are not pleased with Mr. Wilson, but that is not surprising since he does not try to please them. But if the democrats are not pleased with him they are geese, for he is really a democrat. The question is how many real democrats there are in the country."

An American soldier is being held incommunicado in a Mexican jail because a Mexican soldier was killed in a row he and some of his comrades caused between Americans and Mexicans. If our government has any spunk, it will insist that the man wearing its uniform is at once returned to his command.

Kiffin Rockwell, the young American aviator, who was killed fighting for France the other day, is almost kin to our own people. He was born in Marion county, S. C., which county is named after the same Revolutionary hero that our county was named for. People from that county of South Carolina brought the name to Florida and many of their descendants live here.

It has been generally well proven that a man who swaggers around, brags of toting a gun, threatens to use it, and tells how he stood at such and such a time with finger on trigger, is a bully and a coward. In addition to this, such men are absolutely repugnant to decent citizens, who desire to observe the law and rules of common sense. And, as a general thing, a quiet and law-abiding citizen, if he ever becomes really angered, can either whip or cow down any such swashbuckler. The Jacksonville Free Press, whose columns abound with abuse for all who disagree with it, has a Don Bombastio Furioso of that boasting and bullying breed on its staff. This person, who thinks he is funny, and tries to make other people believe he is fierce, writes under the nom de plume of "Bear Cat from Big Swamp." It's a safe bet that any ordinarily brave man could stick a fire cracker in a cornucop and run him out of town. He went to Tallahassee the other day, and wrote a story about his experiences while there, from which we cull the following choice paragraph, just to show our law-abiding citizens what sort of a bunch expects to be in charge of the state after Jan. 1, 1917:

"Tuesday morning the good, old fearless Daily Democrat published its news version of the evidence produced Monday and thereupon Bolter Knott's auditor, W. S. Murrow, 'got hot in the collar' and 'lathered all over' and 'foamed at the mouth,' and 'cussed a blue streak.' Gee! he was 'sho' madder'n a wet hen. So he went right after Mr. Milton Smith, who publishes the Daily Democrat, using language no real gentleman should use. Mr. Smith, who is one of those very sturdy gentlemen, never loses his temper and just let Mr. Murrow 'blow off and run down,' and there was no need of an undertaker or even a physician. But the feeling between Mr. Smith and his friends and Mr. Murrow and his friends is plainly apparent and we are all standin' round with our finger on the trigger and if indiscreet persons happen to strike a match, 'look out,' for the 'battle of

Verdun' would sound like a Fourth of July celebration on a farm in comparison. We are anxiously hoping Mr. Catts will show up with 'his'n' with which he killed so many niggers back in 'Ole Alabam.'"

## INTOLERANCE

It's a sorrowful fact there was very little religious persecution in the world until Christianity began to make its influence felt. The heathen were generally polite to each other's gods. Each tribe or nation bragged on its own deities but seldom persecuted another tribe or nation for any such reason. The most elaborate and liberal of ancient mythologies was that of the Greeks; they had a god for everything they could think of, and when they had exhausted the list they were so afraid they had neglected something that they erected a shrine to "The Unknown God," which had no image, and which the Christians, therefore, claimed was theirs. Whenever the Romans conquered a nation they took its gods under their protection, and they had a great temple in Rome where every religion was represented by an image and an altar. The children of Israel were rather intolerant, but after killing out the Canaanites, whose lands they wanted, their intolerance was ingrowing rather than outgrowing. They had severe laws against any of their own people who followed after false gods, but it didn't seem to occur to them to go out into the countries around and butcher the heathen. The Romans were tolerant toward the Christians at first, but when the Christians began to insist that all other religions give way to theirs the Romans became peeved, and massacres followed. It always makes a religion popular to persecute it, (a number of people in this state had best remember that) and the Christians grew in numbers and power, and soon took charge of the Roman empire. When they came into power, they persecuted the heathen more severely than the heathen had persecuted them. Then they split into sects, and persecuted each with a cruelty to which the heathen world had been a stranger. After awhile, they resolved themselves into three great branches—the Roman Catholics in the West, and the Greeks and Armenians in the East. They fought each other for a century or two, and then the Mohammedans came along. Their religion was honestly that of the sword; a man accepted it, or died or became a slave. In the matter of massacres, the Mohammedans seem to have had the bulge on all other religions. They killed Christians all the way from the Indus to the Atlantic; then they went into India and China and murdered Buddhists and Brahmins by the millions. The Mohammedans were not unnecessarily cruel about their massacres, however. As a rule, they did not torture a man. They simply killed him and then went on to the next one. The Christians retaliated to the best of their ability. They were under a disadvantage, as their countries were mostly those invaded. However, they got in quite a few lively massacres of their own, particularly during the Crusades, when they butchered so many Mohammedans in Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine that they began to have hopes of tying the score. Meantime, the Mohammedans had a split among themselves, but it unfortunately did not go far enough to decrease their numbers very much. During these blood-soaked centuries, Christians and Mohammedans vied in persecuting the Jews, in which persecuting the Christians were the most vigorous, owing probably to the fact that the Jews had more money than anybody else. When the Spanish invaded America, they took their religion with them, and gave most of the natives they met the alternative of being converted and enslaved or being killed. Their progress in Mexico and South America was like that of the Mohammedans thru Asia and Africa. About that time the Reformation began in Western Europe and brought on more trouble. The Catholics had been in power so long that they were surprised at anybody not agreeing with them and tried to suppress argument very much in the same fashion the Romans tried to suppress Christianity over a thousand years before. As the Protestants increased in number, they obtained control of several countries and did considerable persecuting themselves. Between persecution and repression, they had Western Europe torn into bloody rags for over two hundred years. It was the remembrance of this bonfire of hate, the ashes of which were still hot when the American republic was founded, that led our wise forefathers to prohibit in our constitution all religious tests. If you don't think this little sketch of religious history is correct, you can confirm it all out of the Encyclopedia Britannica as we did last night.

W. K. LANE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, specialist Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Law Library Building, Ocala, Florida.

## 1917?

By  
EDWIN BALMER

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(Continued from Yesterday)

CHAPTER IX.  
Cleared For Action.

WAYNE brought the launch to the side of the Arizona as the blue aeroplane headed into the wind from the sea and maneuvered for position overhead. It was plain that the pilot was to drop bombs again, but Wendell, with Ross and Fulton just behind, climbed to the deck of the battleship, and now, as they were in sight of other officers and men, they did not even look up at the menace overhead.

The Arizona, as Wendell had observed as he approached, was cleared for action. Everything movable which had been on the deck had disappeared—davits, boats, railing, stanchions, flagstaffs and ventilators. A crew of painters at work forward were finishing the prescribed mottling of the ship. The officer of the deck was standing on the side toward the dock with another officer superintending the taking on of ammunition. The officer of the deck, glancing up at the aeroplane, shouted an order for the men to cease bringing powder. Wendell approached him tensely. From directly overhead—as nearly overhead as the pilot of the plane could calculate—an aerial torpedo was descending upon his ship. Wendell knew this without looking up. Ross, who was beside him, knew it, as did Fulton, who followed. The officer of the deck, turning, saw the three junior lieutenants and cried to them to take cover. At the same instant a cry of alarm came from a seaman who was standing farther forward, and shouts from others on the docks gave warning, cut short in the middle by a shock and roar which battered and deafened. Bob Wendell, swaying and grabbing for support, caught the shoulder of some one. The gas from the explosion choked and stifled him. Pain in his eyes blinded him for a moment; then he coughed the gas from his lungs and was able to look about.

A seaman lay on his face at Bob's feet; there was a horrid hole in his back; it needed no second glance to see that the man was dead. Further forward, three bodies were piled up at the barrette of No. 2 turret.

The officer of the deck—it was he against whom Bob had been thrown



Gas From the Explosion Choked and Stifled Him.

—saw the dead man, too, but he did not concern himself with them. He gave no greater concern at that moment to the officer who had been superintending the taking on of ammunition, who now lay unconscious. While Bob still clung to him the officer of the deck gazed overhead and saw that the aeroplane had gone on. He gave a curt order for resuming the work of taking on ammunition, then he spoke to Wendell. "All right, now."

Bob regained some steadiness, apologized, and reported himself. "Go below," the officer of the deck directed, "and as soon as you are yourself report to the captain and inform him that you report for duty."

Bob dizzily went below. A surgeon had appeared to give attention to the officer—he was a lieutenant named Varney—who had fallen. As Bob turned about men of the doctors' detail were lifting the bodies of the men who had been killed. The loading of ammunition, who now lay unconscious, ship had ceased only for the few seconds before and following the explosion; the slaying of four men and the wounding of others had interrupted no one of the unhurt who had work to do.

Wendell, on his way to quarters where he could wash, passed through the wardrobe. Everything which he longed there had been stowed away—electric fans, china, plate glass and looking glasses; battle ports were closed. A junior lieutenant—"Garry"—Starnes—who had been a classmate and a close friend at Annapolis, appeared and led Bob into his room.

From that room, too, all breakables had been removed. Bob was used to the bareness of the rooms as a preliminary to the firing of the big guns in battle practice, but the bareness affected him differently now.

In addition to absolutely essential articles, there was nothing in Garry's room but two photographs in leather frames fastened above the desk. Bob gazed at one of the photographs; it was

of a smiling, bright-eyed, headstrong-looking girl of sixteen or seventeen. The picture was rather faded; it was seven or eight years old. Bob remembered it well. Garry had had it back in midshipman days. The girl was the one who came down to Annapolis, all flushed and excited, for Garry's graduation and who had danced with him all but three of the numbers at the "hop." The other photograph was a picture of her, too—a photograph recently taken—showing how beautiful that laughing little girl had become, how happy Garry had made her, and photographed with her was a little boy of four (Starnes had married the year after he graduated; Bob was his best man), very like his mother and a good deal like Garry, too, and wearing proudly as a band for his straw sailor hat a ribbon, "U. S. S. Arizona."

Bob bent and gazed closely at the picture of the little boy, and suddenly and quite unconsciously his eyes blurred.

"That's a great kid," he said to Garry after a minute.

"He's all right," Garry winked and looked away. He was pleased that Bob had noticed the picture, but he did not want to talk about it. "You might as well get it above, Bob."

Garry had not been close enough to suffer from the explosion, but he was badly shaken. He had had to make more of an adjustment perhaps than Wendell, for Bob, forty hours before, had seen a man destroyed, and he had gone off and left the body beside the road because it was war. It was yet novel to Garry, though he had played the pretense in practice many times to go about his business after men on the ship had just been killed.

A mess man of the detail who brought on board the officers' baggage appeared at the door with Bob's bags. Garry received them and opened them on his bunk.

"You're rather a sight," Garry informed Bob. "You'd better make a complete change. If you haven't everything you want I guess my things'll fit you. And, by the way, you might as well bathe now. Every one's been ordered to."

Wendell looked about quickly. The order for every one to bathe and put on clean clothes was the preliminary of battle, a precaution taken so that expected wounds would be as clean as might be. "You mean we're going out soon?"

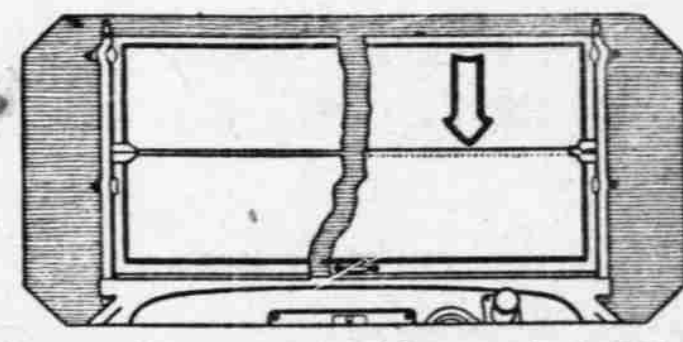
"Looks like it."

Bob went to the shower bath. When he returned Garry was gone, but the next moment rejoined Wendell in the room.

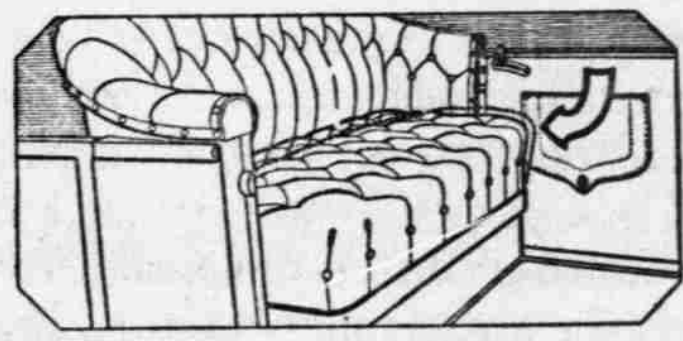
"How's Varney?" asked Bob.

"Pretty much hurt about the head, but he's conscious, and the doc thinks he'll pull through, but he'll not fight his turret in this scrap. They're taking him ashore to the hospital, and two

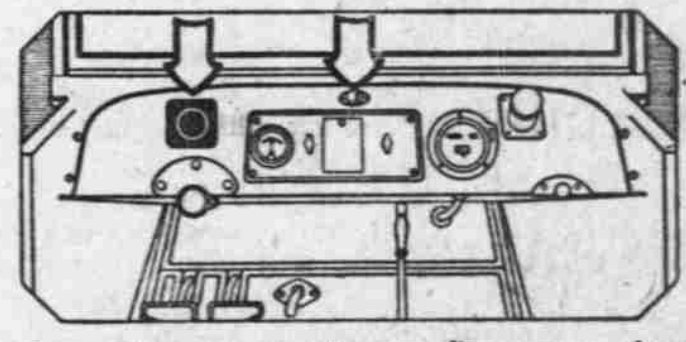
## 4 New Refinements



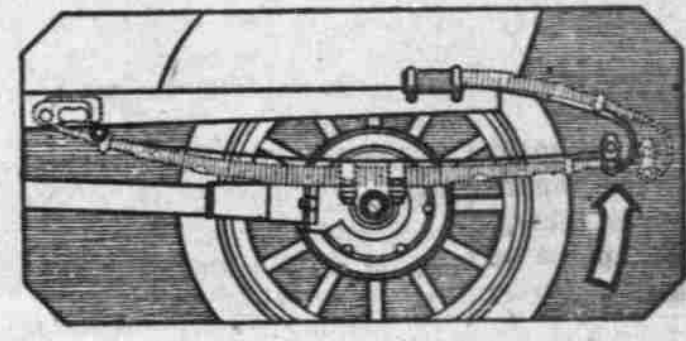
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(Continued on Page Three)